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ABRAHAM KUENEN.<sup>1</sup>

ABRAHAM KUENEN was known throughout Europe and America as one of the greatest scholars of the century ; and he shared with Wellhausen the acknowledged leadership in the field of Old Testament criticism and the Religion of Israel, as interpreted by the newer school of which he, himself, was practically the founder. He did not write easily, or, generally speaking, with pleasure to himself, but the mass of work of a high order which he accomplished may be judged from the bibliography that has already appeared in these pages.

Besides his greater works and his technical labours in editing Arabic and Greek texts, the list includes, for example, the series of studies in the *Theologisch Tijdschrift*, which Robertson Smith has spoken of as perhaps the finest things which modern criticism has to show, and which are generally accepted as perfect models of method ; the investigation into the composition of the Sanhedrim, which Wellhausen declared would have been epoch-making had any one read it ; the tracking down of the Talmudic tradition as to the "men of the great synagogue," which is nothing short of a discovery—the earnest of what may be expected whenever the mazes of the Talmud shall be

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<sup>1</sup> The materials of this notice are drawn partly from Kuenen's works and other sources easily accessible to the public ; partly from the numerous obituary notices which have appeared in Holland and elsewhere ; partly from my own personal recollections, and partly from the letters, manuscripts, and general information ungrudgingly placed at my disposal by Kuenen's friends and the members of his family during a recent visit to Holland. It does not lie within the plan of this sketch to make detailed acknowledgments, but I wish to offer my sincerest thanks to all those who have so generously helped me. A few paragraphs of this article have already appeared in *The Inquirer*.

threaded by those who hold in their hands the clue of modern critical method ; and an inquiry into the genealogy of the Massoretic Text of the Ages of the Patriarchs, which, if there be such a thing as finality, has settled the question with which it deals.

But although his works were great, he himself was greater. In the days that followed his death one thought found constant utterance: it was that while Europe would mourn the unrivalled scholar whose work was but half done, Holland could only think of the friend and brother who had left a place vacant that none could fill, in the hearts of hundreds, nay of thousands, to whom he had made life larger, calmer, and nobler.

The charm of his character was irresistible. It was in the autumn of 1872 that I first saw him. None of his great works were as yet translated, and in those days no one read Dutch ; but his fame had overstepped the boundaries of his own country (chiefly through the medium of Réville's articles in French and English reviews), and he was already beginning to be regarded as the greatest and most original investigator of the Old Testament which Europe had produced since Ewald. It was this reputation that drew me to Leiden to study under him. I had already had some correspondence with him, had received many kindnesses at his hands, and had conceived so deep an admiration for him, that I almost dreaded a personal interview, for fear it should lead to a disenchantment.

As I stood in the day-room in his house in Leiden on my first call, and heard his step along the passage, I can well remember how my heart beat. Would he be as grand and calm, as large and clear-souled, as his books ? Would he be as gracious and kindly as his letters ? A moment was enough to dispel the doubt. He had the art of making you perfectly at ease as soon as you saw him. The idea that you were in the presence of a great and learned man dropped out of your consciousness, but you felt your own life quickened and stimulated and brought under command.

Your powers, such as they were, became effective instead of being frightened; and as you sat there drinking in knowledge at every pore, you felt as if you were conversing with a companion on a subject of interest to you both, not as if you were being discoursed to by him, or as if you were drawing him. I never knew any one the least like Kuenen in this. I was never ashamed of my ignorance, or conceited about what I knew in his presence. His tact was unique; and it was so absolutely guileless and simple.

At this time, though one of the most learned Biblical scholars in Europe, a man of enormous reading in many other fields of knowledge, and an assiduous worker on all manner of Committees and Boards, he had that air of disengaged and disposable good nature which so often characterises Continental scholars, but is the peculiar charm of the indolent in England. The work he got through was almost fabulous, but he seemed to be at everyone's disposal. Again and again I have been amazed and abashed at the ungrudging freedom with which the time—every moment of which one almost felt one was stealing from the world—was lavished upon the simplest offices of kindly friendship; and it was a sight not to be forgotten to see him roaming along the canals and boulevards of Leiden, with a daughter having hold of each hand, and a cigar carelessly tilted between his lips, looking as if there had never been a care or a thought behind his broad brow, and as if business was a thing he had never heard of.

This period of Kuenen's life doubtless had its trials and sorrows, but as far as may be judged from outside, it must have been as nearly ideal as can well be imagined. With a splendid constitution and rare power of work, with a severe simplicity of personal tastes and habits that rendered his means adequate though never ample; utterly free from personal ambition, yet exulting in the knowledge that his labours were actively and visibly extending the boundaries of ascertained truth; devoted to his wife, his children, his friends, and his pupils, and receiving from them the return

of an admiration and affection which filled his life ; too simple-minded and unconscious to be hampered by the moral responsibility of being looked up to as he was, and too natural and human not to feel the stimulus—he went his quiet way between his home and his lecture hall, one of the greatest, and one of the least pretentious, men in the world of letters, or, indeed, of life.

As years went on his fellow-countrymen, and especially his fellow-townsmen, far beyond the sphere of his direct influence, came to feel a proud and affectionate sense of possession in him.

For even the common people of Leiden had been told, and believed, that Professor Kuenen “knew everything.” For more than forty years they were familiar with his striking figure, and though he never had what are known as popular powers, yet his keen interest in all civic affairs, his social habits, his natural courtesy, and the combination of dignity and simplicity in his whole being had made him a vivid personality to the people. He stood for the incarnation of the University and learning to them. In him these somewhat remote and abstract ideas had become flesh and had vindicated their humanity.

The same fascination had always surrounded him. The story of his uneventful life is a romance.

Kuenen was born on September 16th, 1828, in King Street, Haarlem, where his father and grandfather before him had been apothecaries. His father was a man of exceptional culture, and took a good position amongst the professional men and the literary societies of his native place. His mother, the daughter of a clergyman, long lived to enjoy the renown of her son. Kuenen was only five years old when he went to his first school. The master was a savage, of a happily extinct type, and in our days, as one of his old pupils still testifies, would speedily have fallen into the hands of the police ; but there is no record of Kuenen having suffered from his brutality, or having retained any painful

impressions of his first school. He stayed there till he was twelve years old, and—as if to bring the almost fabulous records of his early promise into complete harmony with the established type of mythical narrative—his childhood was threatened with a great danger, which proved all but fatal. I have heard from the lips of his companion on this occasion a detailed account of how the boys were crossing a “gracht,” just off the Spaarne, on a forbidden raft, from the little garden-house in which they were supposed to be preparing their holiday task. Kuenen, then twelve years old, made a lunge with his boat-hook at the round stone post on the edge of the “gracht” instead of at the wall. The hook slipped, and he plunged headlong into six or eight feet of water. When his young companion found that he was too dazed to cling to the end of the pole which he held out to him, he instinctively stabbed at his hand with the sharp end of the boat-hook, and so roused him to clutch it. At this moment the lad’s mother, who had heard the alarm, leapt from the bank on to the raft, and helped her son to drag out his companion, who was already unconscious. But the future professor was soon restored, and it may be presumed learnt the lesson of obedience, which forms the natural moral of this edifying narrative. The companion of this adventure has seen little of his old friend since those early days, and, boy-like, remembers nothing of Kuenen’s special promise or talent, but only that he was a delightful companion. Other eyes, however, were already sharper, as the following words, fresh from the lips of another acquaintance of his youth, will testify :—“Bram Kuenen! Why, I have known him since he was three or four years old; since he was so high! What a child he was! It seems nonsense to talk of a baby like that being ‘gifted’ or ‘talented,’ but I don’t know what else to say of him, such a quick, bright boy as he was! When he was nine years old he used to come and stay with us at Half-Way, and what questions he used to ask! You see, I was earning my living as a governess, and, of course, I had to be

pretty well up in things ; but when that child asked me a question I never dared answer it without looking it up in my books first, to be sure I was right. For you can't think how keen he was, it is incredible. Nothing but the very truth itself was good enough for him. Oh, Bram Kuenen was always the same. Let me see, how old was he when he died ? Sixty-three ? Well, then, I was fifteen years older than he ; but, I tell you, I *respected* that child ; there's no other word for it. And such a merry lad ! How I remember him coming in and asking to have his belt let out, and another hole made ; he had eaten so many apples and pears ! And how good he was to his mother and sisters ! He was everything to them, everything. Selfishness ! well, he knew what it meant—he knew so many things—but he never knew what it felt like, no, never ! And for history, you can't believe how he used to read it, and understand it, and see into it ! And so modest with it all, and so merry. And then, when he was Professor, and came here, it was just the same. Bram Kuenen was always the same ! See ! I call him Bram still, for when first he came here and I called him ' Professor,' he would not have it for a moment. ' None of that,' he said, ' just let us stick to the old names ' ; so you see I do. What was it about him as he stood there ? You couldn't call him handsome, he was not that. It was *noble*. Are you going to write about him ? Say all the good you can, you cannot say enough. I am seventy-eight years old, and they say the feelings get dulled when you are old, but his death was like a stab to me. I am not so old but what I felt that."

His merriment and high spirits have left a vivid impression upon the minds of all who knew him in early life. We shall see that he soon became renowned amongst his schoolfellows as a prodigy of cleverness. His girl friends—and he had many of them—beyond knowing that he could do their French exercises or their sums for them as easily as a fish can swim, that he had enough mechanical skill to devise a pulley and basket by which they could

communicate with him for this laudable purpose when put into separate studies, and that they always managed to learn more by being helped by him than by struggling on alone, all of which they took as part of the order of nature not calling for special notice or comment—appreciated his society chiefly on account of his fertility in devising sports, punting or boating on the since-vanished Haarlemmer Meer, and, above all, acting charades. His remarkable height, his gawky figure and prominent features, made him an ideal figure for “dressing-up.” A lady, now advanced in life, who cherishes amongst the happiest recollections of her childhood her familiarity with the Kuenen family, remembers to this day her amazement when she had been told by the girls that they should find their “little brother” at home, and was introduced to a boy as tall and thin as a lamp-post, with his arms and legs shooting out like the new wood of a tree far beyond the old bark of sleeves and trousers! His high spirits and absence of self-consciousness as a rule prevented his suffering under the caricatures which adorned the slates of his school-fellows, or the chaff that rained round him; but, on one occasion, when particularly desirous to do honour to the wedding-feast of one of his cousins, he persuaded his mother to stuff him with cushions, in order to bring his breadth into better proportion with his height. Nothing in the memories that Kuenen has left behind him is pleasanter than the love and admiration of his child companions. One tells of the half-comic, half-pathetic solemnity with which he pronounced the funeral discourses over the deceased rabbits and other pets of a philotheric companion, while the other children gazed at him in open-mouthed wonder and admiration; another remembers the practical jokes, with which he relieved the tedium of the interval between the arrival of the pupils at a class, and that of their reverend tutor; and all have some bright and innocent recollection of his capacity for giving and taking enjoyment.

In 1840 Kuenen went to the “Institute” in connection



with the Latin school, to the classes of which latter he was gradually transferred. He had already distinguished himself highly when, in the February of 1843, his father died, and it seemed as if his studies must be permanently broken off; for his services were required in the business. With a divided heart, as he himself afterwards declared, but with unshrinking courage, he devoted himself to the task that lay before him. But his old companions would not let him pass out of their circle. He became the leading member of a society which they founded under the name of the "*Utile Dulci*," in which papers were prepared and discussed under conditions, the severity of which made membership of the society a very genuine and serious form of study; and, moreover, the apothecary's shop became a kind of unofficial adjunct to the Latin school. There, day by day, the boys gathered in a little side-room to consult Kuenen on their difficulties in preparing their work, and it was then that he first established that reputation for omniscience which he never afterwards lost. It seemed to his young companions as if there was really no limit to his knowledge, and he established an intellectual supremacy over them before which all other distinctions faded away. The boys of the best families in Haarlem were proud to accompany him as he walked through the streets with his bottles in his pockets or under his arm, to deliver to the customers; or they would help him to mix his pills, while he, in return, expounded the mysteries of Greek irregulars to them. Somewhat exaggerated reports (for which I am myself partly responsible) of the straitened circumstances of the family and the lowly nature of Kuenen's participation in the business, have been current; but the facts, as they stand, are sufficiently eloquent, and testify to the extraordinary impression which Kuenen had made on his companions. There is no part of his life which has left a more vivid picture in their minds than this period. For more than two years he received no formal education, but still retained his leadership; and, in spite of his proverbial

modesty, he evidently relished and tried to maintain his reputation for being able to answer any question which it could come into the heads of his friends to ask. Some of his companions, who were in the habit of quoting what he was allowed to do as a reason why they should enjoy like privileges, were met by their mother with the answer, "Oh well, Kuenen is Kuenen;" and sometimes when his friends asked him how in the world he got hold of the information he produced, he would take up the phrase and answer, "Kuenen is Kuenen, I can tell you!"

Meanwhile, though he put a brave face on it, and seemed to his sisters to be happy enough as he recited Latin poetry by the yard for his own amusement, or arranged less elevated entertainments for theirs, he was in truth sick at heart. One of his aunts thought she noticed an abatement of his once high spirits, and when she pressed him for confidences, he admitted that he could not suppress his longing to study theology and enter the Church; and that the work he was now engaged in was only done from a sense of duty. His former schoolmaster's thoughts had also been busy in the same direction, and after more than two years' absence from school he returned—not to his old place, but to the place now occupied by his former companions. In his two years of compounding drugs he had thoroughly kept pace with their Latin and Greek, and the list of his first prizes goes on again as if it had never been broken. As one of his school-fellows, by no means predisposed to give him more than his due, declares: "His great talent for languages, with his wonderful memory and judgment, backed by a remarkable combination of passionate ardour and calm self-possession, placed him beyond the reach of our rivalry."

In 1846 he entered the University of Leiden in the Theological Faculty. How the means for his studies were got together is not quite clear. He enjoyed at least one small bursary, he made a little by teaching, and possibly some-

thing was added for a time by some of the friends whose interest had been roused by his extraordinary talents and character. In any case he seems to have suffered no painful privations for lack of funds, though strict economy was always necessary. His career at the University was the natural continuation of his career at school. The amazing variety and accuracy of his knowledge set all the professors by the ears; he was the body of Patroclus over which they fought, each one longing, and sometimes hoping, permanently to attach him to his special branch of study. His mathematical examiner pronounced his paper unique, and to the last was never able to reconcile himself to the fact of his having turned his attention to other studies; and Kuenen himself, though he never followed up his mathematics, never lost his interest in them. If he lay awake at night, he would amuse himself by trying how far up he could pick out the prime numbers, and if his children came to him with any difficulty, the exposition was as pleasant to him as it was profitable to them. His knowledge of classics not only gave him easy command of the flowing and lucid Latinity in which several of his early works are composed, but made even so scornfully severe a judge as the celebrated Cobet pleased to associate him with himself in editing the Greek text of the New Testament. His earliest serious work and his first appointment were in connection with the study of Arabic, and Juynboll could never get over the feeling that he had suffered a personal injury because his brilliant young colleague did not make Arabic his main study. We hear of his amusing himself in the evenings with the study of Sanskrit and Persian. But through it all his loyalty to his theological studies never wavered. His talent for having time to spare did not desert him. He was not only the oracle of his fellow-students in all matters of learning, but their chosen companion in their amusements and social life. "Sports," as we understand them, did not exist in Leiden in that day; but Kuenen was a great walker, he was a member of the

rifle corps, and a devoted, though not an exceptionally expert, billiard player. The programme of a masquerade in which he took part is still extant, and his old friends delight in recording innocent escapades of these days, which are not worth relating in detail, but go to swell the family anthology of anecdotes. In more serious matters he was always ready with his good services. On one occasion we hear of his averting a duel; on another of his throwing the ægis of his companionship over a student who, having made a hopeless fool of himself, was being left to pine in his own self-contempt and misery till rescued by Kuenen's kindness. Entrance into the University involved at this time a very stiff examination, and in 1847 several of Kuenen's fellow-townsmen were plucked. Next year he organised a class in Haarlem for the benefit of the next batch of candidates, and brought them all triumphantly through. The general estimation in which he was held by the students is evidenced by the fact that, in 1850, he was appointed president of the Studenten Corps. Though it will, perhaps, hardly strike the English and American reader, this is the most remarkable fact yet recorded in this history! The Studenten Corps represents the whole social side of the student life, and the president is usually selected on account of his high social position and his large means. Many duties fall upon him which require that he should be a man of recognised position, not only amongst the students, but in general society. That the honour should have been conferred on a theological student of narrow means, and distinguished only by his personal character and attainments, is probably an event without a parallel in the annals of the University. The manuscript of his address on the occasion of his presidency is still preserved, and shows the earnest gravity and directness of appeal which made him a moral no less than a social force, although he was never given to preaching.

But as far as Kuenen himself is concerned, the great thing to note with regard to the years of study at Leiden,

is the fact that they brought him under the direct influence of Joannes Henricus Scholten. This great genius and superlative teacher had not yet come to the full consciousness of his own theological and philosophical position, but his over-mastering personality had already asserted itself as a leading factor in the theological and ecclesiastical life of Holland. He and Kuenen were at once drawn to each other, and for almost forty years found mutual support and strength in one another. The contrast between these two great scholars is dramatic in its sharpness. Scholten had unquestionably a larger measure of the qualities which we think of as constituting genius. Though he had no organising power, he was intellectually a born leader of men. To come within the range of his influence was to be fascinated and inspired. The enthusiasm he kindled in his friends and the dread which he aroused in his opponents were boundless. The passion of his conviction, his vivid insight, his dramatic presentation of the matter with which he dealt, the coruscations of his wit and his dialectic skill, swept his hearers through every mood, and if their judgment was not convinced, it was at least silenced. To dissent from him, even mentally, seemed like defying the lightning. Kuenen's personality, however much it attracted, was never thrown into the scale of the argument. If he convinced you, it was not he, but the facts with which he brought you face to face that were convincing. He threw no passion into his lectures and was as careful not to make the position of his opponent seem ridiculous as he was to do justice to his own. His method was characterised by what some consider an extreme caution. He never left a fortress unoccupied in his rear. There was no suppressed protest in his hearer's mind borne down for the time, but reasserting itself when the strength of the charm was exhausted. You never felt that it was rash or presumptuous to dissent from his conclusions, but you seldom felt disposed to do so. The contrast has indeed become a commonplace in the conversation and writings of

two generations of Dutch scholars, but it will never lose its freshness so long as any survive whose minds have been stirred and trained by these two great masters.

The first volume of Scholten's *Leer der hervormde Kerk* appeared in 1848, and marked a turning-point in the history of the movement subsequently to be known as that of the "Moderns"; and perhaps this may be a suitable point at which to say a word on Kuenen's early religious opinions, and some of their subsequent modifications, though we shall have to revert to this matter presently in another connection. Kuenen received his early religious education from the pastor of the Walloon Church at Haarlem. He was a man of moderate and liberal views for his day, but he retained many traces of the orthodox Christian dogmatics, from which Kuenen ultimately freed himself, teaching, for example, the "divinity" though not the "deity" of Jesus. At the period we have now reached Kuenen, himself, was still far from having fully realised and embraced the principles which subsequently characterised the "Moderns." His temperament, however, both intellectual and spiritual, was rather of the lucid and tranquil than of the impetuous type, and the rapid development or even change of his views was accompanied by no great period of mental storm and stress. It is singularly difficult to find any traces, in the recollection of his friends, of the convictions with which he began his studies or the successive steps by which he arrived at the position which he ultimately occupied. His printed works and his correspondence, however, show clearly enough that his convictions only ripened gradually, and that many of the opinions which he finally embraced appeared to him when first he considered them as wholly to be rejected. In 1855, for instance, according to the testimony of a friend, he seemed shocked and startled by the rejection of the belief in the Resurrection of Jesus; and we shall see in detail how much his views on his own special subjects changed in the course of years.

In 1851, when he had taken his doctor's degree, he received an appointment which retained him at the University in connection with Oriental studies for two years; after which, in 1853, he was appointed Extraordinary Professor of Theology. His Inaugural Oration, delivered in Latin, dealt with the importance of an accurate knowledge of the Old Testament antiquities to the Christian theologian, and it is interesting and instructive to read the following passage in it: "I am not ignorant that critical examination, on the principles I have recommended, has led certain scholars to conclusions concerning the books of the Old Testament irreconcilable with their Divine origin howsoever defined; and we need not wonder that there have been teachers who have attempted entirely to sever the Old Testament from the New for fear of the dangers resulting to the Christian religion itself from such speculations as these. Nor do I myself believe that the opinions of Von Bohlen, Vatke, and others concerning these books can be reconciled with the utterances of Jesus and the Apostles. But—to say nothing of the fact that their ravings have already been rejected by all the critics of any note, to a man—the abuse of a thing should not prohibit us from using it." We shall see presently that these "ravings" of Von Bohlen and Vatke were subsequently regarded by Kuenen as the fore-gleams of the view of the Old Testament history which he himself expounded; and the attempt to prejudice questions of Old Testament criticism by an appeal to the authority of Jesus never found a more uncompromising opponent than he.

The Professorial duties inaugurated by this oration opened the long and brilliant career which closed only with Kuenen's death. Amongst the hearers of the first lecture in his ordinary course were some who had been his fellow students and were henceforth to be his pupils, and the occasion was honoured by the presence of the senior Professor of the Theological Faculty, the venerable Van Hengel. "He was kind enough to sit on one side, so that

I could not see the wry faces he was, no doubt, making," said Kuenen to a friend; but the truth was that, though it would be hard to imagine a more formidable audience, Kuenen's success was assured from the first. He had found the work of his life.

While holding these successive appointments Kuenen maintained his keen interest in the welfare of his old companions, and they took ample advantage of his friendship. Doctoral disputations were then written in Latin, and it was an understood thing that no close inquiries were made as to how they got into that language. How many dissertations Kuenen Latinised, and how far his work affected their substance as well as their form will never be known to man, but I have little doubt that he owed to these friendly labours much of the astonishingly detailed knowledge he possessed on subjects entirely outside the range of his own studies. He had entered with his friends into specialist researches on all kinds of fields, and nothing that once came into his "iron memory" ever escaped it again. If a friend was plucked at an examination, Kuenen took it to heart as a personal misfortune; he planned how best to break the news to the family and how to make things easy for the victim, with unfailing tact and forethought. But prevention was better than cure, and it was not easy for a friend of Kuenen's to escape passing, so assiduous was he in his gratuitous coaching. Friends at a distance, too, had their claims allowed, and though he does once write in mock indignation, "It is all very well for a man with nothing in the world to do to give a fellow a day's work in commissions and then sign himself 'yours in haste,'" yet we may be sure the commissions were performed!

In 1855 Kuenen was appointed ordinary Professor of Theology. That same year he married Wiepkje, the eldest daughter of Professor Muurling, of Groningen. Though there was no relationship between Kuenen and his wife, the families were connected by Professor Muurling's



second marriage with a cousin of Kuenen's, and the young people were well acquainted with each other by name when first they met. The romantic character of Kuenen's biography follows him here. A few days' acquaintance was followed by an engagement, and then by a marriage of ideal happiness and beauty. Mrs. Kuenen was a lady of rare intellectual and social gifts and during the early years of their married life was the constant companion of her husband's studies. Though never a student in the narrower sense, she learnt enough Greek to be able to correct his proofs, a point in which he was of the most exacting scrupulosity. She was often his confidential adviser in questions of form, and kept close pace with the progress of his opinions. For example, when doubts as to the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel began to be in the air, and Kuenen announced his own growing conviction of their validity, Mrs. Kuenen felt at first as if the ground were sinking beneath her feet, but her husband went through the whole Gospel with her, chapter by chapter, and succeeded at last in securing her full sympathy. Their home was the centre of an intellectual and social life which may well be called brilliant, and nothing could be more charming than the picture drawn of the home by those who remember it. Kuenen worked with the toughest endurance, but managed to include a wide range of general literature in his reading, and to keep up the brightest social intercourse with his friends and the inmates of his house. One tells of his giving him the quintessence of *David Copperfield* in the course of a summer walk, another tells of the piles of history and literature which he worked through during morning "coffee," all the while apparently hearing everything that was said, and firing off jocular comments as he turned his eyes from his book to his coffee-cup. But there was one source of sorrow in the house. For seven years the Kuenens had no living child, and the hopes that had been blighted by that strangely pathetic experience, a birth that does but announce a

death instead of beginning a life, had left only a deepened sense of want. Subsequently, however, a numerous family gladdened their home, but at the same time qualified their hitherto close companionship of work.

A glance at the bibliography published in this journal will show that Kuenen's intellectual progeny were meanwhile multiplying apace. From 1861 to 1865 appeared the three volumes of his *Historico-Critical Inquiry into the Origin and Collection of the Books of the Old Testament*," the most satisfactory "Introduction" which had appeared in any European language. This work displayed Kuenen's most characteristic qualities—wide and accurate learning; lucid arrangement and method; a genius for concrete and objective statement of the grounds on which even the subtlest shades of subjective impression rest; patience in examining hostile opinions; powers of analysis and of combination; the finest qualities of temper and judgment, and an open-minded impartiality.

Apart from its great intrinsic merits, Kuenen's book did for Holland all and more than all that the first part of Colenso's Pentateuch did for England. It made it impossible for instructed persons henceforth to ignore or deny the fact that the Bible bears upon its face the evidence of growth and compilation, in accordance with the ordinary laws and subject to the ordinary errors of the human mind. In principle the Old Testament was won to the methods of the "modern" theologians by Kuenen's first great book; and history has never gone back upon this step. More and more Kuenen's criticism of the Old Testament has come to be acquiesced in, if not exactly accepted, by all schools of theological thought in Holland. This decisive result perhaps explains the opinion, all but universal in his own country, that the *Historico-Critical Inquiry* is Kuenen's greatest work. Before it was completed, however, an important section of it was already superseded in Kuenen's mind. Even when he was writing his first volume, the "ravings of Von Bohlen and Vatke" had

already come to appear somewhat less delirious than he thought them when he delivered his oration in 1853, and under stress of their arguments and those of George and Oort, he had found himself compelled to admit more or less extensive post-Deuteronomic revisions of the Levitical Laws; but, on the whole, he remained faithful to the then reigning school of advanced criticism, of which Ewald was the great hierophant, and spoke of such opinions as that the Mosaic Tabernacle never actually existed as "really not worth refuting." The *Grundschrift* or *Book of Origins*—the framework into which all the narratives and laws of the Hexateuch are fixed, and which includes, amongst other things, the sublime opening chapter of Genesis, and the bulk of the legislation of Leviticus—was still to him the earliest stratum of the Pentateuch. But, in 1862, the very year after the publication of Kuenen's first volume, appeared the first part of Colenso's *Pentateuch and Book of Joshua critically examined*. Kuenen's own work had produced a decisive influence on Colenso, and now Colenso's book in its turn inclined Kuenen to believe that he and other critics had stopped half-way in their conclusions with respect to the *Book of Origins*.

Colenso's relentless examination of every detail of the Exodus story had submitted the data of the *Book of Origins* to a pulverising criticism, and a "strange presentiment" rose in Kuenen's mind and gradually ripened into a settled conviction that the *Grundschrift* was not based on naïvely exaggerated traditions, but was a systematic, symmetrical and purposeful creation. In 1865, Graf's celebrated examination of the historical books of the Old Testament separated the narratives of the *Book of Origins* from its legislation, and, while still assigning a high antiquity to the former, reinforced with convincing power the arguments for the post-exilic origin of the priestly laws. The conviction which had long been ripening now flashed upon Kuenen's mind. Graf was right in the late origin he assigned to the priestly laws, but wrong

in separating the connected narratives from them. Kuenen wrote at once to Graf and succeeded in convincing him of the truth of this hypothesis, but the lamented death of that fine scholar barely allowed him time to announce, in an article that almost entirely escaped attention, his acceptance of the more radical hypothesis. It was only many years later, shortly before his death, that Colenso also accepted the conclusions which his own researches had helped to suggest.

The immense significance of Kuenen's change of view was brought out in his next great work, *The Religion of Israel*, published in two volumes in 1869 and 1870. His newly adopted critical position enabled him to conceive of the development of the religion of Israel as an organic growth in a sense which had never been possible before. Instead of standing at the well-head of the Hexateuchal stream, the sublime monotheism of the first chapter of Genesis was the ocean into which it flowed. It now became possible to trace the course of religious thought in Israel from the early stages of animism and nature-worship that characterise all infant religions, through the vigour and crudity of the early narratives of the Hexateuch, through the ethical passion and nascent monotheism of the prophets of the eighth century, on to the full development of the later prophets, psalmists, lawgivers and apocalyptists. In fact, the history of the Israelite religion could now for the first time be written. Kuenen was fully conscious of the importance of his task, and felt more and more deeply the necessity of a complete departure from the old methods. His work must be constructive, rather than critical, and must begin with what his readers were asked to believe, not what they were asked to disbelieve. It was no use beginning with Abraham; it was no use beginning with Moses. Would it do to begin with the Judges? One day he said to his wife, "I should like to begin with Amos and the prophets of the eighth century before Christ, if I dared." "If that's how you think it ought to be done, do it so," she

answered; and Kuenen began his history of the Religion of Israel with an examination of the earliest considerable stratum of literature of an assured date which the Old Testament contains; and in the light of the results thus obtained, tested the traditions as to the earlier stages of the historical development, and traced it onwards to its goal.

It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of the magnificent piece of constructive work in which the results of his investigations were given to the world. It is dangerous to speak of finality. We may reverse in the future, as we have reversed in the past, our ideas of historical and literary evidence, of the psychologically possible and impossible, and of the general laws of evolution. But until we do so, it is safe to say that the main results of Kuenen's *Religion of Israel*, however modified and supplemented, will stand. Its departure from tradition is so radical, that it ought perhaps not to cause much surprise to hear it spoken of as "bold," "destructive," "brilliant," and so forth. But as a matter of fact, extreme caution, sobriety, and self-restraint are its distinguishing features, and from the first page to the last it is patiently and methodically constructive. Hence the steady growth of its influence as it conquered the scholarship of one country after another, until at last Wellhausen's brilliant works announced the surrender, after a stubborn resistance, of Ewald's fatherland, and the victory was complete.

I have said that the Dutch scholars almost unanimously regard the *Historico-Critical Inquiry* as Kuenen's greatest work. Outside Holland an almost equally unanimous opinion pronounces *The Religion of Israel* to be his masterpiece. For if the former work won Holland for the critical method, and if all that followed seems to flow spontaneously from it, *The Religion of Israel* revolutionised the whole conception of the growth and development of Israelitish thought and belief, and performed a service for scholars of all countries which gives Kuenen a

unique place in the history of Old Testament studies. Its conclusions in his own country were known and had been accepted before they were embodied in his systematic work, and its significance was thereby disguised; but in England and America, to say nothing of the other countries of Europe, the translation of *The Religion of Israel* actually created the organic conception of the Old Testament, and became a power, in comparison with which the purely scholarly and critical work of its author sinks into relative insignificance.

The history of Old Testament criticism during the next decade is the history of the gradual triumph of Kuenen's views over those of the school of Ewald.

It will be seen that the *Religion of Israel* carried the logical necessity of a complete re-writing of the *Historico-Critical Inquiry*. But several works, of importance only less than that of the *Religion* and the *Inquiry*, lay between the conception and the accomplishment of this task. In 1875 Kuenen published a study on *The Prophets and Prophecy in Israel* undertaken at the request, and under the auspices of his friend, Dr. Muir, of Edinburgh, with special reference to English opinion, though it was not till 1877 that the English translation appeared. This is the only one of Kuenen's great works which is polemical in its main intention. It is a monument of patient induction, and aims at explaining the true religious and historical significance of the phenomenon of prophecy, while stripping it of the false associations which have obscured it.

Kuenen's next book followed in 1882, when he delivered the Hibbert lectures in English. The work appeared simultaneously in English and Dutch. Space prevents my dwelling upon these lectures, which have hardly received the attention they merit, for I must hasten to the close. In 1886 appeared at last the first half volume of the new edition of the *Inquiry*, summing up the whole of the work that had been done by Kuenen himself, and others

upon the criticism of the Pentateuch, since the issue of the first edition. But meanwhile a blow had fallen upon the author, from which, in truth, he never fully recovered. Even in 1882, when he visited England, on the occasion of his delivering the Hibbert lectures, he was in serious anxiety as to Mrs. Kuenen's health; and in the spring of the following year, the year of the Oriental Congress at Leiden, the dreaded blow fell. Kuenen was appointed President of the Congress, and he went through his duties in the autumn with a tact and spirit to which no small part of the eminent success of the meeting was universally attributed, not only performing all the more serious duties of his office, but throwing himself with apparent zest into the social and festive proceedings. It is only from the evidence of one of those rare letters in which Kuenen revealed something of his inner life that the cost to himself can be known. It was one of those efforts which bring their own reward, indeed, but can hardly fail to sap a man's vital strength. This blow was rapidly followed by others. In 1885 Scholten died. In 1886 a beloved sister, who had lived with Kuenen since his wife's death, closed a life of self-forgetful love and helpfulness. His professorial duties had always been engrossing. His activity on committees and boards was unceasing, and his ever ready helpfulness still constantly placed him at the disposal of his friends. With lowered vital powers he continued to bear the burden of all these engagements, only regretting that they prevented his making as rapid progress as he would have desired with the great works to which he meant to devote his remaining years. In 1887 he was attacked by a painful and distressing complaint which left him much weakened and depressed, and with no expectation of ever recovering his former strength. Nevertheless he regained what in another man would have been regarded as an extraordinary power of work. His serenity was undisturbed, and although half the light seemed to have gone out of his life, he had yet much

quiet happiness. He deeply felt the loss of his lifelong friend Prof. Rauwenhoff, in 1889, without whose counsel and sympathy, he said, he had met no serious event or crisis in his life for forty years; but the temper in which he faced the present and the future, may be gathered from a few lines out of the address he delivered on the occasion of his friend Prof. Tiele's marriage with Miss Ruychaver: "As you join hands the sun of your lives has already passed its meridian and is beginning to drop towards the horizon. It will rise no more, but sink. Yet they who are descending the hill may enjoy the outlook over the fair scenes that stretch at their feet. For them, too, the earth is rich in manifold blessings. Even when—may it be long hence in your case—the weight of years begins to be heavy, may you not still lighten it one for another? And may not the heart be young even in old age, if love illuminates and cherishes it? So may the All-good ordain it for you, my friends! May his peace dwell in your hearts and in your home."

Kuenen was now engaged not only in rewriting his *Inquiry*, the second volume of which appeared in 1889, but also in superintending a translation of the Old Testament with commentaries and introductions, which his friends and former pupils, Doctors Kusters, Hooykaas, and Oort, were executing. Should life be continued, he further contemplated the re-writing of his *Religion of Israel*. The characteristic method of opening with an examination of the eighth century prophecy was to be retained; in all other respects the book was to be completely re-written. But to this work the author's hand was never set.

In 1891 he was attacked by disabling and painful sickness; his power of work and zest of life were gone, and it needed all his strength to endure patiently. Yet still his friends found him ready with sympathy and counsel, and there is more than one who will cherish while life lasts, the picture of his gentle smile as he sat in his dressing-gown opposite the door of his study, and said, "Is that



you ?" as an unexpected visitor entered. In such moments it was still true of him that "his face was like a benediction."

His death, which took place on the 10th of December, 1891, was of unexpected and merciful suddenness. His life, in spite of sorrows and disappointments, had been not only widely and deeply beneficent, but singularly happy, singularly peaceful, singularly successful and honoured.<sup>1</sup> Take it for all in all, it would be hard to find a life richer in the things for which wise men pray.

A few notes on the state of the unfinished works upon which Kuenen was engaged at the time of his death, will be welcome to the readers of THE JEWISH QUARTERLY.

Of the great work on the Old Testament already referred to, the Hexateuch and the Books of Judges, Ruth, Samuel, Kings, Isaiah, Lamentations and Ezekiel are already printed in proof in a provisional form, though subject to extensive revision. The revision has only been carried through a few chapters of Genesis.

The third volume of the *Inquiry* was to deal with the

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<sup>1</sup> A list of some of the appointments and distinctions enjoyed by Kuenen is here added :—

1849 : President of the Leiden Studenten Corps. 1849 : Teacher of Hebrew in the Leiden Gymnasium. 1851 : Degree of Doctor of Theology. 1851 : Member of the Deutsch-Morgenländische Gesellschaft. 1851 : Interpreter Legati Warneriani. 1853 : Honorary Degree of Doctor of Literature. 1853 : Inaugural Address as Extraordinary Professor of Theology. 1853 : Member of the Society of Dutch Literature. 1855 : Ordinary Professor of Theology. 1857 : Member of the Hague Society for the Defence of the Christian Religion. 1859 : Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences. 1863 : Member of the Scientific Association of the Province of Utrecht. 1869 : Member of the Scientific Association of the Province of Zeeland. 1874 : Knight of the Order of the Netherlands Lion. 1878 : Member of the Batavian Society of Arts and Sciences. 1879 : Member of the Scientific Association of the Province of Holland. 1889 : Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws, University of Edinburgh. 1889 : President of the Royal Academy of Sciences. This last distinction was, perhaps, the one of all others in which Kuenen found the greatest gratification and pleasure.

Gnomic and the Lyric poetry of the Hebrews. The former section—Proverbs, Job and Ecclesiastes—is ready for the press and is being printed. With respect to both Proverbs and Job, Kuenen has moved with the stream, and they are regarded in the new edition as *post-exilian*. He was at work on the Psalms when overtaken by his last illness and death. Two careful drafts of his intended treatment of the subject, one superseding the other, lie amongst his MSS. They differ only in method and arrangement, and taken together, they give striking evidence of the conscientious and unsparing pains he bestowed upon all his work. But the plan has not been filled out. A few exegetical notes exist, and the numerous paper marks in Cheyne's "Bampton Lecture" testify to the earnest consideration he was giving to that work. It may be of interest to note that the general drift of his opinions seems to have been towards bringing down the Psalms to a comparatively late date, but that he still rejected the extremest views, and occupied a middle position. In this connection, it may be observed that his last notes on Psalm xvi. admit that it contains at least a presentiment of the belief in Immortality.

Of the "Song of Songs" no notes for the *Inquiry* exist; but a carefully prepared sketch of a college lecture shows that here, too, Kuenen had followed the stream, and that he now regarded the poem as belonging to the Greek Period. He rejected the theory of a loose collection of love songs and defended the dramatic interpretation.

On Lamentations (which Kuenen had undertaken for Professor Haupt's great Bible), no notes or indications of any kind have been found.

The *Inquiry*, therefore, will have to be completed by a practically independent section on the Lyric poetry by Kuenen's friend and former pupil, Dr. Matthes, who has the editing of the third volume in his hands.

Finally, the MS. of the treatment of the Text of the

Old Testament has been carried up to § 40 which deals with the text in the Mishna and Gemara.

It remains to make some attempt to characterise, at once more broadly and more closely than has been possible in the course of this sketch, the position which Kuenen took in the theological and religious history of his country, amongst his own friends and in his own home. It is impossible to tell, even in outline, the story of the rise and progress of the Dutch "Modern" movement. I must be content with reminding my hearers that it was an attempt of singular boldness and vigour to shake the tradition of Christian piety free from every trace of supernaturalism and implied exclusiveness. It involved the absolute surrender of the orthodox dogmatics, of the authority of the Scriptures, of the divine character of the Church as an external institution; and of course it based the claims of Jesus of Nazareth to our affection and gratitude solely upon what history could show that he, as a man, had been and had done for men. The year 1859 is usually regarded as the birth year of this movement, which differed from others based on the same principles by the unparalleled frankness with which the most revolutionary results of the investigations of the study were carried into the pulpit, the Sunday-school and the class-room, by the apostles of the new teaching. Text-books on the Bible, catechisms and class-books, popular journals and sermons treated questions of religious history and of religion itself with a directness and freedom that knew no reserve. No shred of distinction between esoteric and exoteric doctrine was retained, and the "Moderns" threw themselves into their task with a fervour of conviction and a loftiness of hope which seemed to leave no room for doubt or failure.

The singular freshness and compactness of this movement gave it a vital force which secured it rapid success. The books of the Moderns ran through edition after edition; the circle of their influence was constantly

extending, and Scholten and Kuenen, together with their colleagues, must have felt like conquerors. But these halcyon days of the Modern movement were numbered. In many cases indifference succeeded the excitement of awakened interest and the relief of escape from cramping traditions. Divergences of view developed themselves within the ranks of the Moderns themselves, which interfered with the compactness, if they did not disturb the harmony of the movement. The position of the new teachers within the Church of Calvin and of the fathers of Dordrecht was, to say the least, open to challenge; and after a long and sometimes bitter ecclesiastical struggle, it finally appeared that the Moderns had indeed converted many members of the Church, but had not carried the Church by storm. The newly-introduced democratic methods of election to the pastorate, for which the Moderns themselves had most of them fought, revealed the fact that their strength lay with the middle classes, and that the mass of the people had very largely remained true to the old forms of faith. This could not fail to tell on the ranks of the young men dedicating themselves to the ministry of religion in the Modern spirit. Towards the end of the seventies the attendance in Kuenen's lecture-room began to thin, and of those students who came, many were and remained orthodox. Kuenen felt the depressing influence of this change, and especially of his inability to bring home to honest students the truth of those views which to him rested on absolutely irrefragable evidence. The explanation, however, is not far to seek. When problems are directly connected with religious faith, most men do not and cannot take them simply on their own merits. Kuenen's orthodox students admitted that they could not refute his arguments, but they declined to accept the natural inferences from them; for there lay at the back of their minds the conviction that Kuenen was not a Christian theologian, and therefore could not grasp the whole bearings of any question which affected the Christian faith.

This comes out all the more clearly when we contrast the impression produced upon his orthodox students by his lectures on Ethics with that produced by his lectures on Biblical criticism. In Ethics Kuenen did not regard himself, and was not regarded by the most competent judges, as a great or original thinker, and on that account he repeatedly declined to publish his lectures. But for mastery of the inner principles of the various ethical systems, for lucidity of exposition, and for fervour of conviction, he was here unrivalled. Indeed, he threw more fire and personality into this branch of his teaching than into any other, and every student who came under his influence, whether Orthodox or Modern, was deeply and permanently impressed with the grandeur of his ethical character and teaching. It was not only felt in his words, but it was seen in his whole life. A sense of duty, not as a burden but as an inspiration, was the constant and guiding influence of that life, both in its general plan and in every detail. But to those who were not in sympathy with him, his religious nature did not shine through his teaching or his life with the same apparent lustre. Even his disciples sometimes complained of religious coldness in his great works. It is seldom indeed, even when he dealt with such subjects as the Prophets or Psalmists of Israel, that anything like a spiritual glow seemed to spread over his pages.

To many of his readers, it is true, this "dry light" was a spiritual tonic. It braced their souls to escape from the feeling that the bellows were for ever being blown, and that the historian was for ever demanding raptures from his readers. To let the figures come upon the stage and speak for themselves; skilfully to group the matter and then leave it to make its own impression was severe and chaste indeed, but in the dignity of such reticence they found no coldness. But to those who were not sufficiently in touch with Kuenen to read between the lines, or sufficiently in touch with the prophets to know when to be

affected without being told, or to others who felt that a more "expansive" treatment was demanded by the subject, Kuenen's *Religion of Israel* seemed unsympathetic and spiritually jejune. As a preacher, again, though Kuenen bestowed almost disproportionate labour upon the preparation of his sermons, and one of his oldest friends gave up asking him to preach for him when he came to spend a few days with him in the country, for the purely selfish reason, as he declares, that it cost him more to witness Kuenen's sufferings on the Saturday and on the Sunday morning than it did to prepare his own sermon, yet in spite of all his pains he was not generally regarded as a moving preacher.

All this was not due to any lack of religious depth or earnestness in Kuenen's nature. To the last he was supported by a simple and ever present faith, in the strength of which he regarded all the events of life as personally dispensed by a power which he conceived as wisdom and love. These were no phrases with him. They were an all-pervading and living faith, determining his mental attitude towards all the events of life. In his own mind this sense of the divine providence was connected with a staunch determinism, which he had learnt from Scholten, but which he held as an independent conviction; and this determinism again was one of the main things that made him feel himself in his true home and in the enjoyment of his true birthright while remaining in the Church of Calvin, though cultivating the freest spirit of inquiry and development. His theism was of a clear and definite type. He took a decisive stand against those Moderns who desired to remove the stress from this dogma as the centre of the religious life, and the furthest concession that his charity dictated was embodied in the words, "in a truly *ethical* pantheism I can recognise a form of theism not incompatible with Christianity." On the question of personal immortality, I gather from indirect and negative evidence that he laid no vital stress. He faced death and separation

as he faced all else, with a child-like self-surrender that reserved nothing, and demanded to know nothing, save that "wisdom and love" were over all.

But in his religious life he was deeply reserved; nor had he the constructive and dogmatic power of his great master, Scholten. When he produced a marked religious impression, it was either silently by his own unostentatious faithfulness, or by an indirect stimulus to thought conveyed in a word or look. A young man, for instance, once said carelessly of some avowed opponent of religion, "You know he goes much further than you do." "*Further* than I do," answered Kuenen; "is that the only difference?" This set his interlocutor, perhaps for the first time, seriously thinking on the subject, and brought him to the conclusion that it was *not* the only difference.

The last ten years or so of Kuenen's life were happier in respect to his professorial work. Things had found their level. If the Modern movement had not won the Church, it had at least firmly established itself. Modern students again gathered in somewhat increasing numbers at Leiden, and the relations between the Orthodox and the Moderns became less strained, largely because the irresistible weight of Kuenen's own works had insensibly modified, almost revolutionised, orthodoxy itself with respect to biblical criticism and exegesis.

Amongst the Moderns themselves, as already intimated, Kuenen exercised a unique influence. "When I try to express what he was," says one, "I do not think of him as a scholar, I do not think of him as a genius, I think of him as a sage"; and two others of his most intimate friends, in their tributes to him on his death, drew their illustrations of his influence upon men and of their feelings towards him from Oriental sources, one of them quoting an Arab saying, "My son, thy speech has been like a shower of rain on a dusty day." Yet another, speaking of his skill and presence of mind in managing business, exclaimed, "Other men have their happy moments of tact and insight, but all

Kuenen's moments were happy." If the blessing of the peacemakers is to be extended to the peace-keepers, then Kuenen shall indeed be called a child of God.

It has often been said of him that he never had an enemy, and in a sense it is true. But the position which he occupied more and more securely as his life advanced, and his love of and talent for details of administration and management, made him in many respects a kind of dictator in spite of himself, and it was hardly to be expected that his action should altogether and always escape hostile criticism, muttered it is true, and regarded as blasphemous, but uttered all the same. The good nature which made it hard for Kuenen to refuse a request or to lose an opportunity of doing any one a good turn was sometimes censured as weakness, but as a matter of fact it veiled not only a strong will, but a firm and even stern judgment, and those upon whom that judgment fell could not be expected always to appreciate its justice. He had, moreover, been engaged in controversies which it would be hard to distinguish from quarrels, and had stood in personal relations not free from bitterness; though this was so rare that one is tempted to forget it.

The statement, then, that he never had an enemy must not be understood to mean that everyone was equally well-disposed towards him; but it remains true that the long period during which he had often thrown the decisive weight into the scale alike of controversy or of business, thereby determining the prospects of men or of parties, had left behind it the absolute minimum of rancour and the maximum of affectionate respect and confidence. The spontaneous and universal impression, as his life closed, was, and deserved to be, "Here dies a man who never had an enemy, who never cherished or awakened an unkindly thought."

Kuenen had taken the lead in so many movements, had presided over so many meetings, and was a specialist in so many subjects, that people got into the habit of taking for granted that he was presiding whenever he was present,



that he had founded every society of which he was a member and that he was not only *an* authority but *the* authority upon every subject. Is there not a tradition that a friend once met him at someone's table, and after dinner thanked him for his gracious hospitality? But if any one ever felt that he was being unduly overshadowed, he might be sure that Kuenen himself had perceived the injustice sooner and felt it more keenly than he had himself.

It was because he shrank with sensitive aversion from the incense perpetually burnt upon his altar, that Kuenen got the reputation of a modesty almost incompatible with common sense; but this was an injustice to him. It is true that he was both modest and humble to a degree as rare as it was beautiful, but his modesty consisted, not in a foolish and untrue estimate of his own significance and attainments, but in the simplicity and absence of self-consciousness which were the key-note of his character. Most of us are apt to think that what gives information we possess, or contributions we have made to the store of knowledge, their real flavour and interest, is their personal connection with ourselves. To Kuenen this aspect of the case never so much as presented itself. But he was by no means insensible to recognition, and some of the honours bestowed upon him, both by foreign countries and in Holland, were the source of genuine and even deep gratification to him.

And as his modesty was sometimes misunderstood for a species of insensibility, so too his beautifully serene temper was often regarded as an angelic gift rather than as a human conquest. In point of fact Kuenen exercised the severest self-restraint; and if many of those who knew him intimately can only remember one or two occasions on which he amazed them by a sudden explosion of wrath, those rare occasions were in themselves enough to show that his habitual gentleness and patience did not come of themselves. The mediæval poets elaborated a special kind

of composition, which consisted in an enumeration of the things they "hated." If Kuenen's *Enueg* had ever been written, many an afflicted one amongst the small fry of his studious brethren would draw comfort from the parity of suffering. Banging doors, dried up ink-pots, and char-women at the spring-cleaning, no less than pretentious ignorance, hasty dogmatism and wilful misunderstanding could reach the quick under his finger-nails just as under our own.

But perhaps I am lingering over trifles, loth to say farewell to my beloved friend and master. One word about his home before I close. Even here his reserve did not wholly leave him, and after the death of his wife there was, perhaps, no one who lived his inner life with him; but his winning and gracious character, his frank simplicity, the child that had been father to the man, and that still lived in him—all this was fully known to those who knew his home, and to them only. He was so simple and natural that it was only gradually that his children came to understand how great a man he was; but from the first hours of consciousness a sense of security and a feeling of reverence pervaded their lives. If they wanted information or guidance upon any subject, they had only to wait till they saw him to be sure to get it; and when they themselves gained information and experience of their own, they found in him the same vivid interest and delight, and the same absence of self-consciousness, the same quickness of admiration, when he was following as when he was guiding their studies; and they were abashed to find at last the secret of that humility in which he carried all his knowledge and all his fame, when they saw that he thought it as natural to ask as to give counsel and instruction.

Generally speaking, of course, he was too much engaged to have much time to spend with his children (though we have seen that here too his talent for making time stood him and them in good stead), and during his summer holidays he was generally only accompanied by two or three

of them. But there is one golden memory for them. In the year 1880 Kuenen and his wife celebrated their silver-wedding feast. Mrs. Kuenen's health was already giving way. Two years before, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Kuenen's appointment as Professor, she had felt the strain—delightful as it was—a severe trial. This time no risks must be run, and they made arrangements to spend a month in country quarters with their family, free from intrusion and external engagements. No more beautiful celebration of the domestic festival could have been imagined, and, to the children, the memory of it is itself a heritage.

In his writings, and in his public utterances, Kuenen sometimes, but rarely, allowed a gleam of humour to flash through his words, but in his home his love of fun played round everything. He would turn the very annoyances to which his sensitive modesty was often exposed, into food for merriment. On St. Nicholas Eve, or any other festive occasion, he was the merriest and most fertile in resource of the party, and even when the relentless disease which caused his death had its grip fully upon him, his playful spirits would sometimes rally, and make him a leader of the sports once more.

In the later years, when bereft of his wife's support, the home responsibilities must have weighed heavily upon him; his extreme moral sensitiveness fought with his shrinking from anything like dictation or rebuke, and if he disapproved of anything, he would rather let it be known than say it. But it was still in his home that his heart rested, and that his joy lay; it was still there that he sought counsel and advice for (in small things he sometimes suffered from strange indecision); it was still there that his inmost life was lived, and it is there that we must bid him a reverent and loving farewell.

As I look back upon these slender gleanings and imperfect hints, I am reminded how often Kuenen, when called upon to sketch the life and character of some

departed friend, expressed his fear that he could only gather and arrange the dry bones, as it were, and could not clothe them with flesh and blood, still less breathe into them the breath of life.

How poor and frivolous, how inadequate and helpless, must such details as I have given seem to those who knew and loved the man; how little character or significance they can seem to have to those who knew him not. For ourselves, we can only say, combining the epitaph of one of Kuenen's friends with his own last tribute to another, "He who has really lived cannot really die, but will live on in us—not only his works but himself."

PHILIP H. WICKSTEED.

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